

The Woodman's Daughter

James Beale

Collected by Cecil Sharp, Warehorne, 23rd September 1908

Cecil Sharp MSS, Folk Words CJS2/9/1781, Folk Tunes CJS2/10/1925

Roud 1277

I crossed the fields one sweet May morn One
sweet May morn quite ear- ly A
love- ly lass came tripp- ling by As
bright as an- y fair- y

1. I crossed the fields one sweet May morn
One sweet May morn quite early
A lovely lass came tripping by
As bright as any fairy.
2. Where are you going sweet maid? said I,
And by the hand I caught her.
I asked her name. She blinked and she says:
I'm the poor old woodman's daughter
3. Sweet maid, sweet maid, if you'll be mine
I have gold and riches plenty
And I will make a lady gay.

She says: Kind sir, I thank you.

4. My mother she is dead and gone
She a early lesson taught me
To marry for love and not for gold
Cries the poor old woodman's daughter

5. My father he is nearly blind
And quite gone past his labour
And it will break, break his heart from me to part,
Cries the poor old woodman's daughter.

6. For true love's sake this gold ring take
For a very fine girl I thought you
And as long as I live I never shall forget
This poor old woodman's daughter. '

7. Farewell, farewell, sweet maid, said I,
May you happy be united,
May the man that you love be constant and true
And your prospect never be blighted.